

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Promise-cram'd, you cannot feed Capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer *Hamlet*,
These words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now my Lord.

You plai'd once in the University you say.

Pol. That did I my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Caesar*. I was kill'd i'th Capitoll;
Brutus kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capitall a calf there.
Be the Players ready?

Ros. I my Lord, they stay upon your patience.

Ger. Come hither my deare *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ham. No good mother, here's metall more attractive.

Pol. O ho, doe you marke that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lye in your lap?

Ophel. No my Lord.

Ham. Doe you thinke I meant Countrey matters?

Ophel. I thinke nothing my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to lye between maids legs.

Ophel. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophel. You are merry my Lord.

Ham. Who I?

Ophel. I my Lord.

Ham. O God! your onely Jig-maker, what should a man doe
but be merry: for looke you how cheerfully my mother lookes,
and my father died within's two houres.

Ophel. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths my Lord.

Ham. So long! nay then let the divell weare black, for Ile have
a sute of fables: O heavens! dye two monthes agoe, and not for-
gotten yet! then there's hope a great mans memory may out-live
his life halfe a yeere; but ber Lady a must build Churches then, or
else shall a suffer not thinking on, with the Hobby-horse, whose E-
pitaph is, for O, for O, the Hobby-horse is forgot.

The Trumpets sound. A Dumb shew followes.

*Enter a King and a Queen, the Queene embracing him, and he
her, he takes her up, and declines his head upon her necke, he lyes*
him

Prince of Denmark

*him downe upon a banke of f
him: anon comes in another
poures poison in the sleepers e
turnes, findes the King dead
with some three or foure com
the dead body is carried awa
gifts, she seemes harsh a whi*

Ophel. What meanes this?

Ham. Marry it is munchi

Ophel. Belike this shew i

Ham. We shall know by

The Players cannot keepe, t

Ophel. Will a tell us wha

Ha. I, or any shew that y
to shew, hee'll not shame to

Ophel. You are naught, y

Prologue. For us and for

Here stooping to your cleme

We begge your hearing pat

Ham. Is this a Prologue,

Ophel. 'Tis brieft my Lo

Ham. As womans love.

Enter K

King. Full thirty times ha

Neptunes salt wash, and *Te*

And thirty dozen Moones v

About the world have twelv

Since love our hearts, and *H*

Unite commutual in most fa

Que. So many journies m

Make us againe count ore e

But woe is me, you are so fi

So farre from cheere, and fr

That I distrust you; yet tho

Discomfort you my Lord it

For women feare too much,

And womans feare and love

Either none, in neither ough